THE RANDOLPHS OF NEVADA

By HERMAN KNOELLER

FANNIE went to the party in a pet and under protest. She was heartily sick of it all. Her three years' experience "in society" since she left school had filled her with dissatisfaction and contempt. The pleasures she had anticipated had turned to ashes in the realization. Instead of the knight of her girlish dreams, she had found colorless idlers, addiepated champions of the golf field, and men of the world who filled her with distrust. The women seemed either too narrow and frivolous to endure, or so worldly-wise as to be fit companions for the men with the "past."

However, she was beautiful and placid as ever as she swept into the drawing-room at the Mortimers. As usual, she became at once the center of a group of chattering guests.

Presently an audible flutter near the door drew attention. The man who caused it was entirely conscious of his situation, which made it worse. He was wholly out of keeping with the company. Tall and sinewy, his sun-burned face contrasted oddly with the hothouse pallor of the other men. Instead of the conventional evening coat, he wore a Prince Albert, and wore it most ungracefully. His attire throughout lacked the little elegances so essential to correctness, and his whole bearing was that of a cat in a strange garret.

"For goodness sake, how did that break in?" giggled Algy Van Biscit, adjusting his monocle.

"Oh, that must be Mr. Randolph—a business acquaintance of papa's from the west," exclaimed Helen Mortimer, with a glance of mock severity at Algy. "Papa says he is a very smart young man who has done some wonderful things in engineering or irrigation, or something like that, and he wants to show him some country," and Helen turned to meet him.

Nobody excepting Mr. Mortimer took pains to make matters easier for the stranger and he floundered worse the further into the room he got. He appreciated fully his helplessness and his disadvantage. Every one was on the point (or over it) of giggling and some of those to whom he was presented could not resist a sly fling. His own speech was disconcerted and altogether the situation was painful. Fannie could not resist joining the spirit of mischief. Albert, she knew it was ill-bred.

"Of the Virginia Randolphs?" she inquired innocently, and it was painfully apparent that the group was suppressing a giggle with effort.

The effect on the stranger was electrical. His nervous half-fright dropped from him in an instant. He threw his head back and his keen, gray eyes looked straight into Fannie's with an expression so dominating and self-assertive that her's dropped.

"No," he replied, with quiet emphasis, "of the Nevada Randolphs."

The sugestion of titter ceased. There was a moment of eloquent silence. Then Van Biscit, who felt called on to come to Fannie's rescue, asked:

"Old Family—the Nevada Randolphs?"

"No, very new," replied Randolph, turning to Van Biscit with the same stern expression which sent the cold chills chasing up and down Algy's back. "We make it our pride out there to found families raher than boast of the deeds of our ancestors. We are too busy building an empire in the wilderness and accummulating money for our sons and grandsons to spend and brag about to find time to make a study of family trees."

The situation was becoming strained and Mr. Mortimer hurried his guest along, chuckling audibly at the discomforture in his wake.

It was destined to be an evening of mishaps, for just as the refreshments were served the electric lights went out without warning. Lamps and candles were hurried on, but made a sorry showing in the great dinning hall. Presently it was reported to Mr. Mortimer that nobody in the establishment could find the cause of the difficulty and that the electrician telephoned for could not be there for an hour or more. Randolph went over and whispered to Mortimer and the two disappeared. In a few moments the recalcitrant lights resumed business and shortly after the two men reappeared, Randolph with cuffs somewhat soiled, and coat wrinkled, and Mortimer explained that the party owed the illumination to Mr. Randolph, who had found the trouble with some difficulty and corrected it.

Fannie looked at Randolph curiously. He was a very different man than when he stumbled awkwardly into the room. There was conscious power in his face and perfect self-possession in his carriage. Before leaving she sought him out and said:

"Mr. Randolph, I want to apologize to you for my rudness. It was ill-bred and inexcusable from any point of view."

"Do not mention it, I beg of you," he replied heartily. "I appreciate the fact that I am very much out of place here, and if I look like I feel, a most legitimate object of ridicule."

Fannie flushed as she had not since school days.

"That makes my position the more humiliating," said she. "I will be glad to make some amends if you will call on me. Our carriage is at your disposal, and I will be glad to show you some of the sights."

He started and looked at her earnestly. She met his gaze unflinchingly, but still crimson.

"I will come," said he.

He called the next day, and she took him for a long ride through the park and drives.

During the ride she drew him out as to his life in the west. He was as frank as a child. He had worked out a plan to irrigate an immense valley in Nevada and transform tens of thousands of acres of useless land into fertile farms. His plan was perfected and had been carried out enough to demonstrate its practicability. But he had run out of money. It would require a vast amount of money to work out the plan, and get hold of the land so as to secure a proportion of the benefit. A great railroad was ready to penetrate the valley with a branch as soon as they saw evidence of the plans being carried out. He had come east to interest capital enough to develop his plans. It would require about $1,000,000 to complete the irrigation system and secure control of the land. She listened so eagerly and asked so many questions that he was delighted, and came again and again to see her. She found a real interest in the plans of this enthusiast to rehabilitate a desert, and poured over the scheme and the principles it involved with an application she had not displayed since leaving school.

Hence, when he came to her one day with white face and told her that Mortimer and the crowd with whom he had been figuring had thrown the project in the air, she felt nearly as badly as he did.

"They admit it is the most alluring thing they have ever had offered them," he exclaimed, passionately, "but they don't know for certain if irrigation will irrigate—great heavens! what have I been about for the past five years if I don't know about that?"

He said he would make one more trial with another party of capitalists with whom he had corresponded.

"But I know what they want—to get all the profits and give me thanks and a salary for my share. But they won't get it excepting on my terms. I'll burn the plans first."

The next day Judge Patten was surprised by a visit from his fair client, Fannie Verdevere. He had been her father's legal adviser and executor of the estate, and had handled it since the distribution. Fannie had never been in his office.

"How much money have I got?" she asked.

"Not much, not much, my dear," chuckled the judge. "But you have quite a bundle of securities. What's the matter? Want to buy an English duke?"

"How much money can I raise on my securities?" she persisted.

"Well, I should say a million and a half, if you take plenty of time. Mebbe a million if they were forced on the market," replied the judge.

"Well," announced Fannie, demurely. "I am going to invest a million in a western irrigation scheme, and I want you to arrange it for me."

We will pass by the apoplectic condition of the judge and the cool insistence of Fannie. Suffice it to say that Henry Randolph received an unexpected visit from Judge Patten the next day and was told that some clients of his desired to have information regarding his irrigation plans, with a view to investing. Randolph was suspicious and moved with due caution. The judge and Fannie had several stormy interviews.

"The plans certainly look all right, and if it works there might be a barrel of money made, but it all depends on this man Randolph," asserted the lawyer.

"He is the man I am betting on," replied Fannie, coolly.

"Yes; but it is madness to put practically your entire fortune into one venture—and that not of an approved character."

"So you have remarked before," remarked Fannie, sweetly.

Randolph told Fannie of the deal after it was made, saying the only thing he disliked about it was the mystery regarding the principals.

During the following year he wrote her occasionally, telling her of the progress of the work. It was two years before he returned east, and after some important business calls hastened to present himself at the Vandevere home. His scheme had won out. The land was not yet sold, but irrigation was complete, and the railroad built, and the Mortimer syndicate offered to take the entire thing from him for $4,000,000. He was jubilant.

"And I want to thank you for your interest and encouragement," he said, gravely. Her eyes twinkled.

"You did more than you know to keep up my courage while I was trying to finance the deal," he continued.

"Miss Vandevere, I am able to speak now for my future is assured. Will you become one of the Randolphs, of Nevada?"

Some months later, after the first dividend of the Consolidated Land & Irrigation company had been declared and Randolph was fingering the very substantial check just received from the east, he remarked to his wife:

"I wonder if those eastern chaps are satisfied now that there was something in my scheme?"

Mrs. Randolph smiled a mischievous smile, produced a similar check for the balance of the dividends, thrust it into her husband's hands and said, demurely:

"Yes, Henry, dear; fully satisfied."

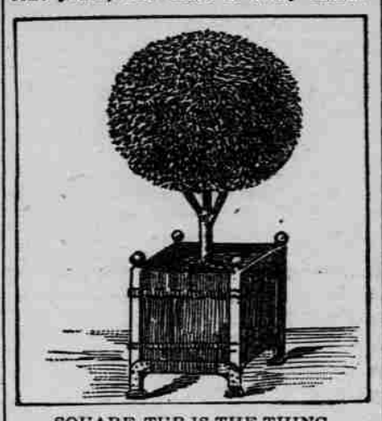
And then there was a short season of explanations.

HOUSEHOLD

BAY TREE AND TUB.

Hints for Housekeepers Who Are Interested in Outside Ornamentation of Their Homes.

Why is it that the square tub is not more often used for such subjects as bay and orange trees? The use of these plants for outside ornamentation of residences has greatly increased of recent years, and there is every indica-



SQUARE TUB IS THE THING.

tion that the demand will become greater yet. The bay tres are imported from European nurseries and come across in round tubes, in which they remain, merely getting a coat of paint. Of course, there is the decided advantage of ease in handling that goes with the round tub, and it will, therefore, endure undoubtedly, says American Gardening.

But as a matter of harmony and balance a square tub is greatly to be preferred. At its very best the bay tree is very formal, and its true use lies in conjunction with buildings of a formal character. This is especially the case with standards. In conjunction with the straight lines of the buildings and their appurtenances, such as piazzas, etc., the square tub fits the picture better than the round one and serves to accentuate the more the round head of the tree itself. In the square tub the tree top has a distinct character of its own which stands out prominently.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE LATEST WRINKLE.

Everything in the Way of Gifts Has Reference to the Recipient's Birth Month.

Many a girl is busy nowadays decorating her room, her personal belongings and herself with the flowers, gems and colors which have reference to her birth month, and in making presents to her friends she gives them also the same significance.

For the last few years there has been an increasing attempt to make gifts which recognize in some way the recipient's pet fads. As this is an athletic age, all sorts and kinds of things have been made having reference to golf, tennis, bicycling, riding and driving. Now the fad is to utilize the symbols of the birth month.

For herself the girl uses chiefly the flowers for the month in which she was born. These she cultivates, if she has a garden, and wears. She decorates her room with them in draperies, bed covers, upholstery for reed or willow furniture and hangings for her windows. There are so many pretty things in floral designs that every purse finds something desirable within reach. The girl even embroiders her handkerchiefs and lingerie with her flower, though it must be said that she does not put much work into the latter unless it is for a trousseau. In this outdoor age she cares more for sports than for needlework, and she can buy her underwear for less than she can make it.

Here are the three chief emblems for the several months—gems, flowers and astral colors:

January—White onyx, snowdrop, brown, silver-gray and black.

February—Amethyst, primrose, pink, blue and Nile green.

March—Bloodstone, violets, white, pink, emerald and black.

April—Diamond, daisy, white and rose.

May—Emerald, hawthorn, red and lemon yellow.

June—Pearl, honeysuckle, red, blue and white.

July—Ruby, water lily, green and russet brown.

August—Moonstone, poppy, red and green.

September—Sapphire, morning glory, gold and black with blue dots.

October—Opal, hops, black, crimson and light blue.

November—Topaz, chrysanthemum, golden brown and black.

December—Turquoise, holly, gold and brown.

There are gorgeous things in the way of birthday pillows ready made or ready stamped at a low price to make up in birthday designs. These have not only the appropriate colors, flowers and jewels, but the signs of the zodiac for the month. The birth month colors or flowers are also put into picture frames, handkerchief and tie or veil cases, cushions and bureau covers. The imitation jewels can be bought to sew on. Birthday spoons with the appropriate flowers can be found, some with the gems set in, and rings with both flowers and gems. For the children there are pencils and pen holders set with imitation birth stones.—Washington Star.

SOME BOUDOIR DON'TS.

Simple Things for the Complexion Which Are Worth Knowing and Putting in Practice.

Don't be afraid of sunshine. Curative powers are in the chemical rays of the sun, and they rejuvenate.

Don't think of the complexion only and fear tan and freckles; they can be removed. The sun is one of the most efficient of all surgical methods in the treatment of morbid growths as warts, moles and all parasitical skin diseases.

Don't use borax and rose water to remove tan and freckles without putting on a little cold cream afterward, for borax makes the skin dry.

Don't use cold water when giving the face a cosmetic scrub. Warm water, followed by a dash of cold water, is better.

Don't despise the humble lemon. With the juice of a lemon and the beaten white of an egg, milady, brush in hand, may touch up her freckles in the seclusion of her boudoir and no one be the wiser.

Don't forget that vinegar will eradicate yellow stains from the face. Bathe the bruise at once with vinegar and discoloration will be prevented.

Don't have a shiny nose and forehead because it is warm weather. Use a little cologne or spirits of camphor in the water when bathing the face.

Don't wash your face in cold water the moment you reach a washstand if you have been traveling. Remove traces of dust and smoke with cold cream, and wipe off with a soft towel.

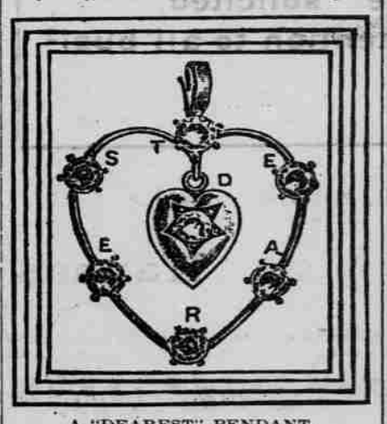
Don't expect to cure an eruption on the face by an external application only. A hot foot bath containing washing soda will often cure this trouble.

Don't use tincture of benzoin on the face unless the skin is dry. It is detrimental to an oily one. This is an instance of a preparation excellent in itself but not suited to every complexion.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SENTIMENTAL JEWELRY.

"Dearest" Pendant and "Good Luck" Bangle Are in Astonishing Demand Just Now.

Sentimental jewelry is in vogue just now, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that sentiment is finding expression in the productions of the jewelers and goldsmiths to a greater degree at the present time than for some seasons past. Witness the popularity of the heart-shaped bangle and pendant, the fancy for the miniature adorned brooch, and various ornaments and trinkets introducing the true love knot or some similar sentimental device. Now comes a new claimant for consideration, and from an English source, namely, the "Dearest" pendant reproduced here. The significance of the sentimental designation is found in the gems that embellish the ornament, the initials of which spell the word "dearest." The stones used are diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, sapphire and topaz, the emerald appearing twice. A brooch on the same order is also to be had and likewise a ring, with cluster stone settings. The most recent "Dearest" production is a padlock bracelet formed of gold links; at regular intervals the gold chain is separated by seven small gold hearts and in the center of each heart flashes one of the gems included in the "dearest" group. Anything more sentimental in the jewelry line would be hard to find. Those to whom the dearest combination does not appeal may find an opportunity for reveling in sentiment in a bracelet and doubtless also in pendant and brooch, with the word "remembrance" spelt out in jewels. Or some particular Christian name may be indicated.



A "DEAREST" PENDANT.

Less frankly sentimental and yet belonging to this special group in jewelry is a novelty known as the "good luck" bangle, with a beautifully enameled shamrock as the distinctive feature. A chain composed of shamrocks, lady birds and pearls in alternating sequence is the accompaniment of this bangle when worn as a neck ornament. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Value of Pennyroyal Oil.

"Bits of raw cotton or wadding saturated with the oil of pennyroyal, and placed in corners or closet shelves and in boxes, will drive away several kinds of objectionable insects, cockroaches, ants, etc.," said an entomologist of the agricultural department to a Washington Star man. "Placed in a saucer in the window it will help to drive away the flies. I have been told that it does so completely. Saturated pads of the pennyroyal placed between the mattress and around the bed will drive away the plague not given in the list of those with which Egypt was scourged for her sins. For this dreadful pest another excellent preventive and cure is an application to infested places of equal parts of kerosene and spirits of turpentine. Put the solution in the joints and the cracks of the bed, about the surbase and in any other place where the insects have found lodgment, and fill all cracks with hard soap that can be so treated. This is an old-fashioned and reliable remedy."

Tailor-Made Gowns Are To Be Mannish.

THE approaching season promises to have as one of its marked features the mannish gown. Not only is the cut to severe and tailory rather than dressmakery, but the fabrics themselves are to be very like those worn by men. Checks, printed-yarn effects, heavy-looking material splashed with a color contrasting with the foundation tone, all these are borrowed from the garb affected by the sterner sex. And the straight lines that will be in vogue in preference to the curving ones of past years will add emphasis to the general air of mannishness.

The fall costumes will look business-like, utilitarian, and perhaps suggest to innocent man, because of their severe simplicity, that they really are simple and inexpensive. Not necessarily so. Authorities declare the present year is to be a silk year, that all gowns are to be provided with a drop-skirt of silk, that everyone must have waists of silk, petticoats of silk, linings of silk. And the one item of lining will therefore add very considerably to the expense of these neat, simple-appearing gowns. But to offset the luxury of the free use of silk, we are to have this winter the economy of the short gown, even elaborate afternoon gowns are to be without the superfluous train; those of the best style will be of the same length all around, merely touching the floor.

In making an old shirt shorter, to get the close fit about the hips and sufficient fulness at the bottom is not an easy matter? As a rule it is advisable to rip up the skirt entirely, and cut it over from a new pattern.

In the autumn, rich autumnal shades always are in vogue, but this year the grape tones, the blue-reds, are to be especially prominent. In themselves they are beautiful shades, but often are very trying when worn next the face and should not be chosen unless of decided becomingness. Dahlia red and fuschia can be safely affected by the pure blonde or clear-skinned brunette, but the neutral toned or florid should religiously avoid them.

Though the prophesies are for fuller skirts, street skirts will not immediately show flamboyancy other than at the bottom. Tucks and plaits prevail, as last year, and the close fit over the hips is still the mode. Street skirts are quite short enough to display the stout boots and are walking skirts in fact as well as name. Coats are long and yet longer the three-quarter length being much preferred to the short jacket that has had the lead for so many years. Some of the coats are princess in form, many are skirted. The belt giving the French curve is seen on almost all, and is a touch that adds very considerably to the modernness of the garment.

While most skirts of the present day are unlined, the silk drop-skirt is thought by many an absolute necessity. From time to time we hear that taffeta has had its day, but this silk is in demand more and more; not the old stiff, rustling sort that loudly advertised itself, but a softer, more pliable kind. The newest styles in lining silk are the changeable and fancy varieties, checks and small designs being popular.

Though it makes one warm just to see them, all the big shops now are displaying ink their furs. It is scarcely safe to affirm thus early what finally will be the choice of the best-dressed in the matter of shapes for these fur accessories, but one can at least give hints. It is rumored that the sloping shoulder of the persistent 1830 modes will dominate, and that the fur boa and collarette, to which we have been used for some time, may be extended into the quaint, old-fashioned pelerine. Brocades, which have been banished for so long, are striving to get back again, and if they do we shall indeed see a jumble of periods.

Fall Hats and Waists.

BOTH silk and cotton waists are now being shown in the shops, both designed for fall wear. And unquestionably throughout the winter cotton waists will form an important part of the wardrobe. Such heavy, beautiful cottons the dealers have furnished us the last two years, it is no

wonder silk for a time had to give way. Whilst white still reigns, we notice colors are showing here and there; the blues, delft and pale blue, and in linens the soft, deep reds, holding their own after the fashion arbiters' decree of white wrists only.

The very long shoulder effect must be observed in the waist, either by means of a deep yoke, long, wide shoulder straps, or a collar that shall come well over the seam of the sleeve. And speaking of sleeves, it is difficult to declare positively what is to be the right thing. That they are to be full at the lower part is certain, but whether or not more fulness will be required above the elbow remains to be seen. Present indications point to little increase of fulness at the top.

Trimmings for waists will be varied. Large, unique buttons are effective, especially on dark material, and on rich, dark stuffs black fagoting over white lining also is very effective. Bias and up-and-down tucks of self-material are used on the fall waists, and this ornamentation has the double merit of cheapness and style. Stocks are almost invariably the same material as the waist, and trimmed to correspond with the blouse. Long, stole-like stocks, extending clear to the belt, will probably obtain this winter.

The question of sleeves is the most puzzling point in autumn modes and no one seems to know definitely what we may expect. For some time past there has been a movement toward pushing the fullness up the arm, and many of the summer frocks have shown considerable fullness at the shoulder and suggestions of the oldtime gigot shape.

The yoke is seen, too, upon some of the smartest of the new shirt waists and separate blouses; but here it does not, as a rule, take the extreme pelerine form and is more like the oldtime shirt waist yoke, only with some device to lengthen the shoulder line slightly.

Black-and-white continues with us, and the combination is used with very good effect in the turbans that promise to be a noticeable part of fall millinery. These turbans are round, of medium height, and very simply trimmed, consorting well with the tailor costumes described above. Made of white felt splashed with black velvet, or of black and white chenille, they are suitable either for morning or afternoon wear. For evening, they are a little severe. Plumes and quills, used so much during the summer, remain in fashion, the white plume on the black hat is still in good style, and a single black quill on either a light or dark hat. The pompon quill is not so stiff-looking, more becoming, than the quill common during the summer.

An all-white toque of soft straw has a facing of white crepe de Chine, and has the top almost covered with doves'

wings. Another has a lining of black velvet, and the wings shade into gray and brown.

A striking model is in green and blue satin straw, the braids fluted in such a manner that each scallop seems to be tipped with a point of bright blue. The only decorations are two bright blue quills thrust through the straw near the front.

ELLEN OSMONDE.